Sir William Stanley's

GARLAND,

CONTAINING

His Twenty-one Years Travels through moſt Parts of the World; and his late return to *Latham Hall.*

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Sir William Stanley's

TRAVELS.

IN Lancaſhire there liv'd a Lord,
A worthy Lord and a Man of Fame;
Whoſe Dwelling was at Latham Hall,
And the Earl of Derby call'd by name.
He had two Sons of noble Race,
Which brought their father great delight;
He brought them up in Learning good,
Whereby their Wiſdom to requite.
The eldeſt was called my good Lord Strange,
Lord Ferdinando was his Name;
The youngeſt was call'd Sir William Stanley,
A noble valiant minded Man.
But as it happened on a day,
Sir William fell upon his knee,
Deſiring leave of his Father dear,
Some foreign countries for to ſee.
To learn the ſpeech of other lands,
Whereby I may renowned be.
I grant thee leave, ſon Will he ſaid,
For three years ſpace thou ſhalt be free,
And gold and ſilver thou'ſt have enough,
For to maintain thee gallantly.
But before thou go, take here my ring,
Take care to keep it ſecretly,
And if thou lackeſt any thing,
Be ſure thou ſend the ſame to me.
Then Sir William took leave of Latham Hall,
And of all that in lovely Latham lay,

And then he prepares him to the ſeas,
To travel in ſome ſtrange country.
But ſoon as Sir William was got on ſhip board,
He to himſelf did ſecretly ſay,
I'll make a vow to the living Lord,
That three ſeven years I'll make away;
Before to England I'll return,
Or ever on Engliſh ground will tread,
Twenty-one years ſhall be paſt and gone,
According to the vow I've made.
Then firſt Sir William would travel to France,
To learn the French Tongue and to dance,
He tarried there not paſt three years,
But he learnt their language and their affairs.
And then Sir William would travel to Spain,
There for to learn the Spaniſh tongue,
He tarried there not paſt half a year,
But he thought he'd been in Spain too long.
To Italy then Sir William would go,
To Rome and to high Germany,
To view the countries all around,
And ſee what pleaſure in them might be.
In Rome and in High Germany,
He ſtayed three years before he went,
And then to Egypt he took his way,
To view that court was his intent.
But one year and half Sir William ſtaid,
And took his leave moſt courteouſly,
Of the king of Morocco and his nobles all,
Then went to the court of Barbary.
Within the court of Barbary.
When two full years Sir William had been,
Into Ruſſia he needs muſt go,
To viſit the Emperor and his Queen.
One Doctor Dee he met with there,
Which Doctor was born at Manchester,
Who knew Sir William Stanley well,
Tho' he had not ſeen him for many a year.

Pray what's the cauſe, the Doctor ſaid,
Brings you Sir William into this country,
I'm come to travel Sir William reply'd,
But I pray thee doctor what brought thee.
I came to do a cure the doctor ſaid,
Which was of the Emperor's feet to be done,
And I have perform'd it effectually,
Which none could do but an Engliſhman.
Then he brought him before the Emperor,
Who entertain'd him with princely cheer,
And gave him gold and ſilver ſtore,
Deſiring his company for ſeven years.
But one three years Sir William would ſtay,
Within the Emperor's court ſo freely,
And then Sir William he would go,
To Bethlehem right ſpeedily.
Likewiſe to fair Jeruſalem,
Where our bleſſed Saviour Chriſt did die,
He aſked them if it was ſo,
They anſwered and told him aye.
This is the tree the Jews then ſaid.
Whereon the Carpenter's ſon did die.
That was my Saviour, Sir William ſaid,
For ſure he dy'd for the ſins of me,
But one half year Sir William would ſtay,
He kiſs'd the croſs with weeping eyes,
And then he would into Turkey go,
Where he endur'd more miſery.
For paſſing thro' Conſtantinople,
Wherein the great Turk he did lie,
Sir William then was taken priſoner,
And for his religion condemn'd to die.
Before I'll forſake my living Lord,
My bleſſed Saviour and ſweet Lamb.
Sweet Jeſus Chriſt that dy'd for me,
I'll die the worſt death that e'er did man.
Farewel father, and farewel mother,
Farewel all friends at Latham Hall,

Little do they know I am a priſoner,
Or how I'm ſubject unto thrall.
A lady walking under the priſon wall,
Hearing Sir William ſo ſore lament,
Unto the great Turk ſhe did go,
To beg his life was her intent.
A boon, a boon, thou Emperor,
For thou'rt a lord of great command,
Grant me the life of an Engliſhman,
Therefore againſt me do not ſtand.
For I will make him a huſband of mine,
Whereby Mahomet he may adore,
He'll carry me into his own country,
And ſafely thither conduct me o'er.
Take thou thy boon, thou gay lady,
For thou art one of a tender heart.
But let him yield to marry thee,
Or let him be hang'd e'er he depart.
The lady's to the priſon gone,
Where that Sir William he did lie,
Be of good cheer thou Engliſhman,
I think this day I've ſet thee free.
If thou wilt yield to marry me,
And take me for to be thy bride,
To take me into thy own country,
And ſafely thither to be my guide.
I cannot marry, Sir William ſaid,
To ne'er a lady in this country,
For if ever on Engliſh ground I tread,
I have a wife and children three.
This excuſe ſerv'd Sir William well,
For this lady was ſorry for what he did ſay,
And gave him five hundred pounds in gold,
To carry him into his own country.
But one half year Sir William would ſtay,
After from priſon he was ſet free,
And then he would to Greenland go,
Where he endur'd more miſery.

For three months there was nothing but dark,
And there Sir William was forc'd to want,
He fed there on nothing but roots,
And they to him grew wond'rous ſcant.
His ſhoes were frozen to his feet,
He ſcarcely knew where for to tread,
On his hands and knees he was forc'd to creep,
Expecting each hour, he ſhould be dead.
But when day-light did appear,
Lord in his heart he was full fain,
Then he ſaw ſhips come from merry England,
To fetch Whale's oil, they thither came.
One Captain Stanley owner of this ſhip,
When he ſaw Sir William unto him came,
He had known him in his own country,
A man of noble birth and fame.
You're welcome from travel the owner ſaid,
But ſcarce one word Sir William did ſay,
Until that he had unto him ſworn,
Nor on ſhip board would he come that day.
That he ſhould never name at Latham Hall,
Nor to no friend as he ſhould ſee.
Nor never his name in queſtion bring,
When he came into his own country.
For three years ſpace I have to ſtay,
According to the vow I've made,
And thoſe three years ſhall have an end,
Or on Engliſh ground I'll never tread.
Then back they all came for Holland,
Being joyful of either's company,
And the captain he took leave of him,
And bid him welcome to the Low country.
With one John Howell he met with there,
For three years ſpace to be his man,
To get his living at other men's backs,
When all his money was ſpent and gone.
But when theſe three years were at an end,
Lord in his heart he was full fain,

Then he ſaw ſhips coming from merry England,
And to Latham Hall he return'd again.
But ſtanding bare at Latham gate,
Deſiring to ſpake with the old earl;
The porter thurſt him back again,
Much like unto a dogged curl.
Go, ſtand thee back, thou fellow bare,
Thou cannot ſpeak to my lord this day:
Now ill betide thee Sir William ſaid,
I was as well born and bred as thee.
But he got lodging at Old Holland's houſe.
Who entertain'd him with good cheer;
And when they were at ſupper ſet,
He called for a bottle of his beſt beer.
Now by your leave good man Holland,
We'll drink a health to a Engliſhman,
Whom I have ſeen in countries ſtrange,
And William Stanley is his name
Do you know my young Lord ſaid Old Holland,
I pray you, Sir, tell unto me;
He is no Lord, Sir William ſaid,
But him I've ſeen in a far country.
He is a Lord, ſaid Old Holland,
He is a Lord, of high degree;
For why his elder brother's dead,
And Sir William's in a far country.
Old Holland got up betime in the morn;
Before it was well break of day,
To ſpeak with the Earl of Derby then,
As he rode a hunting that day.
Good morrow, my Lord, ſaid Old Holland,
Laſt night a gueſt at my houſe did lie;
And came out of countries ſtrange.
And brings tidings of your ſon William Stanley.
Bring him hither to me, ſaid the old Earl,
Let me ſee that gueſt right ſpeedly;
If he can tell me tidings of my ſon Will,
Then well rewarded he ſhall be.

But when he came his Father before,
Sir William fell upon his knee;
Craving bleſſing of his Father dear,
And pardon for all his diſcourteſy.
If thou be my ſon Will, ſaid the old Earl,
As I do very well think thou may be;
I gave thee a ring, when thou didſt go,
Reſtore the ſame again to me.
He gave his Father there the ring,
Whereby he knew him prfectly;
And ſhew'd him a Lion on his right ſide,
Which is a mark the Lord ſent me,
The King then hearing he was come,
Sent for him ſtraight-way up to Court;
And entertain'd him royally,
With gallant cheer and princely ſport.
The Earl of Derby made a feaſt,
Which laſted for months three,
And nobly entertain'd his gueſts,
That came to ſee his Son William Stanley.

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